About the private life of a man like Manuel L. Quezon, it was inevitable that defamatory talk circulate. Of course he is human, indeed his weaknesses constitute some of his most lovable qualities. But much of the stuff which was bruited about in whispers was gross slander, nothing less. He enjoyed a good time, liked to have near him entertaining people, was not above taking a drink, and was fond of dancing with pretty partners. But he was never a drunkard or a libertine, for he had too much self-respect, I know because I have been out with him. Also he liked to draw up his chair for a game of poker or bridge, and he plays a good hand, but it was a gentleman's game with gentlemen. He lived well, even luxuriously, but was not a multimillionaire as has been charged. If my surmise is correct, Mrs. Quezon is the capable manager of the family finances.

Quezon was and is a handsome man, nearer in age to sixty than fifty. Of middle height, his frame is lithe and erect. But it is his head that draws attention. The arched nose of the Spanish *conquistador* which quivers when he is excited, dark flashing eyes and abundant black hair now graying, set in the light-tinted skin of his Spanish forbears—his is a profile to admire. A personable gentleman of chivalrous bearing and faultlessly attired, he is at home in any company. Entering a room his attractive personality dominates the scene at once. No wonder a man like Manuel L.- Quezon could hold the esteem of men and could be the admired of women.

Manuel L. Quezon as a bachelor was a

constant trial to his friends. Especially were they afraid that he would contract marriage with an American and thus ruin his political career. So they heaved a sigh of relief when, unannounced, Quezon married his cousin Aurora Aragon in Hongkong. She has made him a good wife, one to raise his children, to be the head of his household, to comfort him in sickness, and to look tolerantly on his indiscretions. To the marriage four children have